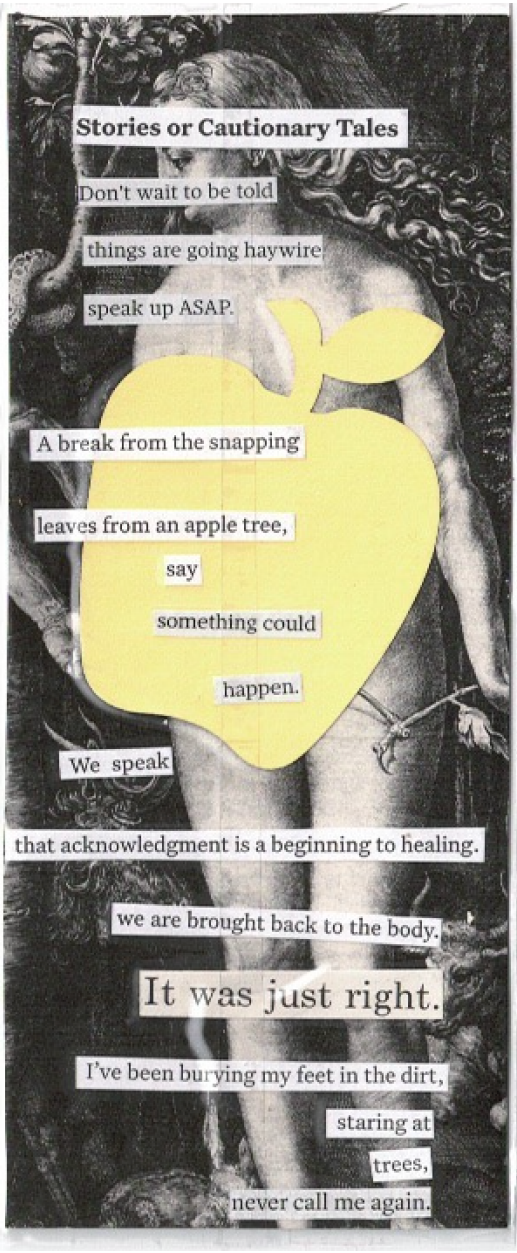
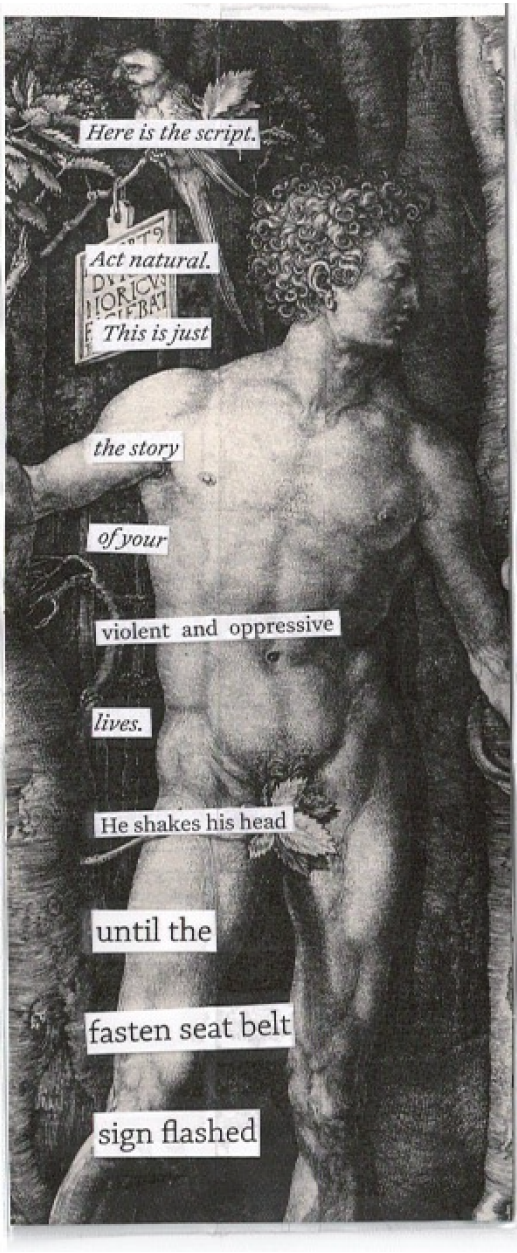
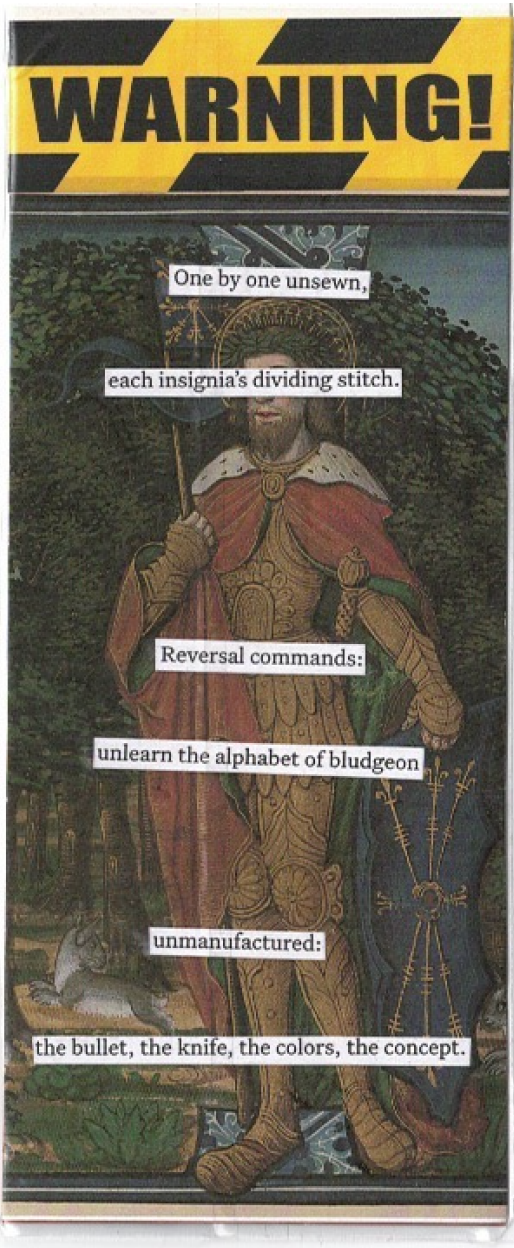
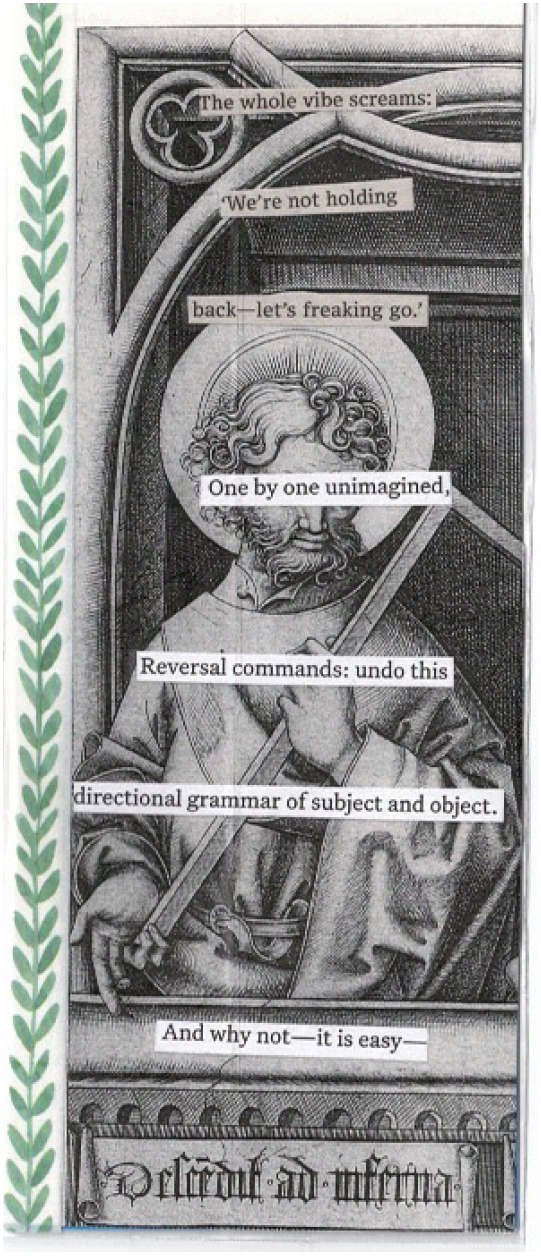
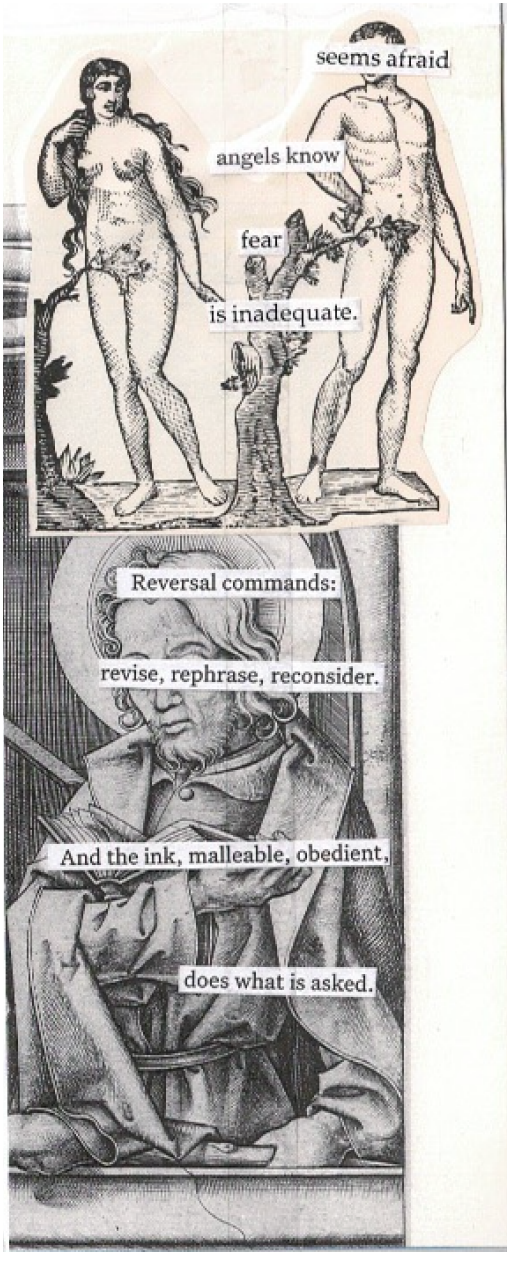
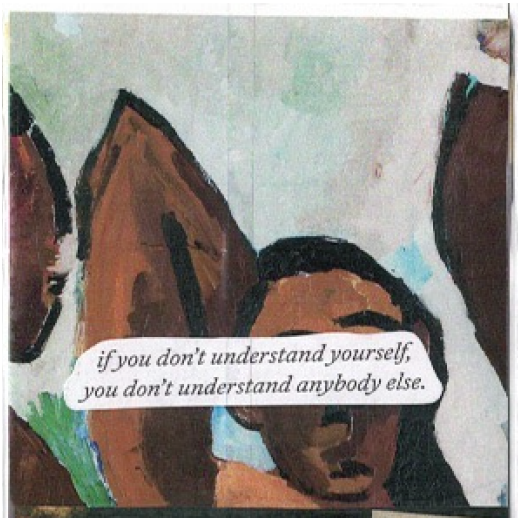

Stories or Cautionary Tales
Don't wait to be told
things are going haywire
speak up ASAP.
A break from the snapping
leaves from an apple tree,
say
something could
happen.
We speak
that acknowledgment is a beginning to healing.
we are brought back to the body.
It was just right.
I've been burying my feet in the dirt,
staring at
trees,
never call me again.


Here is the script.
Act natural.
This is just
the story
of your
violent and oppressive
lives.
He shakes his head
until the
fasten seat belt
sign flashed


WARNING!
One by one unsewn,
each insignia's dividing stitch.
Reversal commands:
unlearn the alphabet of bludgeon
unmanufactured:
the bullet, the knife, the colors, the concept.


The whole vibe screams:
'We're not holding
back—let's freaking go.'
One by one unimagined,
Reversal commands: undo this
directional grammar of subject and object.
And why not—it is easy—
Descendit ad inferna


seems afraid
angels know
fear
is inadequate.
Reversal commands:
revise, rephrase, reconsider.
And the ink, malleable, obedient,
does what is asked.



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